

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR POGROM



Our Boys.

THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY VS. THE WASHINGTON KANGAROOS

CHICAGO (LNS) — Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party and one of the Conspiracy Eight, celebrated his 34th birthday Oct. 22. His co-defendants tried to have a party and to give him a birthday cake to eat in his Cook County jail cell, but courtroom pigs cut the party short and arrested the cake.

The festivities began after the lunch break. When Seale entered the courtroom, a contingent of Black Panthers said: "Happy birthday, Bobby! Power to the people!"

Seale replied, "Thank you, brothers, I'd forgotten it was my birthday. It's a hard struggle and you have a lot of things on your mind."

Moments later, a marshal decided to ex-

pel one black man from the courtroom, which moved Seale to say: "You're a pig for kicking him out!"

"Right on!" the Panther spectators said in unison.

Judge Julius Hoffman looked on darkly. Defense Attorney William Kunstler then made his birthday cake motion. "Your honor, we'd like to bring in a cake. . . " Hoffman wouldn't hear of it. "I don't even let anyone bring ME a cake in this courtroom," he said.

The judge wanted the jury brought in right then, but the other seven defendants — and the cake — were in a little conference room across the way. The press and many spectators pushed past marshals to go out and see the action.

The defendants came out like a football squad, protecting the cake in the middle. It looked like a first down, but the cake was intercepted by an astute marshal, who held it over his head and ran down the hall. (The cake, with "Free Huey!" and "Free Bobby!" written on it, was eventually bailed out.)

"It's a cake-napping," Abbie Hoffman shouted.

The defendants walked into the courtroom, and Rennie Davis said, "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," Seale proclaimed, "but they can't arrest a revolution."

The Panthers shouted, "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When the judge called for silence, Seale turned to the Panthers and said, "OK brothers, sit down and listen quietly to the proceedings."

Hoffman didn't like that: "Mr. Seale, I am the only one who gives orders in this courtroom."

Seale: "They don't take orders from a racist judge."

The judge made another of his oft-repeated contempt-of-court threats against Seale, then said, "Bring in the jury."

Seale: "Please do."

2 Arrests

From the Poughkeepsie Journal—

Two New York City residents were arrested last Friday night at Bard College on narcotics and police obstruction charges.

Kipp Wilson, 19, pleaded innocent before Red Hook Town Justice Frank Martin to a charge of sixth degree possession of dangerous drugs, according to State Police at Rhinebeck.

Leeyar Tung, 20, pleaded innocent to a charge of obstructing governmental administration, troopers said.

Wilson was remanded to the Dutchess County Jail in lieu of \$1,000 bail and Tung was remanded in lieu of \$250 bail.

Troopers said they were called at 10:30 p.m. by college officials to arrest Kipp, when Tung allegedly interfered with the arresting officer.

Neither of the two was a student at the college, police said. Trooper T. Rabbett investigated.




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NIXON on DRUG LAWS

WASHINGTON—(CPS)—In his July message to Congress, President Nixon called it a "common oversimplification" to count drug use as a law enforcement problem only.

Soon after, the middle-aged Chief Executive proposed the most repressive drug legislation yet to be considered by Congress: 2-10 years in prison and a \$20,000 fine for possession of marijuana, LSD or harder narcotics and 5-20 years in prison and a \$25,000 fine for a first selling offense.

Now, hard-line Nixon after consulting with softer-line members of his administration has come up with a compromise. The administration, intercepting its drug bill in the Senate's Subcommittee of Juvenile Delinquency, now has proposed making possession of any of the drugs a misdemeanor rather than a felony, punishable by a jail sentence of no more than a year, and a maximum fine of \$5,000.

A second possession offense would become a felony with a penalty of as

many as two years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. Possession with intent to sell would entail 5-20 year prison sentences for the first conviction and 10-40 years for a second conviction.

Marijuana would be removed from the legal category covering narcotics such as heroin and placed into what the administration refers to as the "hallucinogenic substances" classification, with pep and sleeping pills. Persons convicted of having grass for personal use for the first time would be eligible for a special probationary period. If they completed it satisfactorily, they would escape without a criminal record.

Currently, a person who is convicted for possession of marijuana a first time faces a mandatory 2-10 year sentence, and the second time 5-20 years. LSD entails only a maximum of one year in jail with no mandatory minimum.

The administration's more lenient law enforcement proposals are seen as the culmination of a battle, fought both inside and outside the administration, between the Justice Department and

medical experts.

In recent months, such highly-placed officials as Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, and Roger Egeberg, Assistant Secretary of Health Education and Welfare, have spoken out against Nixon's original proposal, which virtually ignored rehabilitative approaches to drug use.

Yolles said harsh marijuana penalties were self-defeating, since they are more harmful to the person convicted than is the offense, the act of smoking the grass itself. And Egeberg, contradicting the conclusions of a task force whose report was the basis of Operation Intercept, said very few marijuana users go on to hard drugs.

John Ingersoll, director of the Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, said in presenting Nixon's changes that the revised penalty structure is intended to make the punishment fit the offense. He said the tougher sentences should be meted out to the drug traffickers.

SCULPTURE SHOW

Sculpture by Sidney Geist is on display at the Procter Art Center of Bard College from October 28 through November 19. A student at Bard, then St. Stephen's, in the thirties, Mr. Geist is known today as a sculptor, critic, educator, and author.

He has written the most outstanding recent book on Brancusi and is largely responsible for the Brancusi exhibition now in Philadelphia, which will arrive shortly at the Guggenheim in New York.

Early in his career as a sculptor, Mr. Geist was apprenticed to Paul Fienne of Woodstock, and he has also studied with William Zorach and Jose de Creeft at the Art Students League in New York, and with Ossip Zadkine in Paris. His work has

been included in numerous exhibitions, among them: one-man shows—Gallery 1, Paris, and Tanager Gallery, New York; two-man shows—Dilexi Gallery, San Francisco, and the Polaris Gallery, Woodstock; and also, about 90 group shows in the United States, Paris and Mexico City.

Mr. Geist has taught at Brooklyn College, Southern Illinois University, and Pratt Institute. He is currently teaching at the New York Studio School and Vassar College.

The sculpture to be shown at Bard will be select yet representative of Mr. Geist's themes and ideas.

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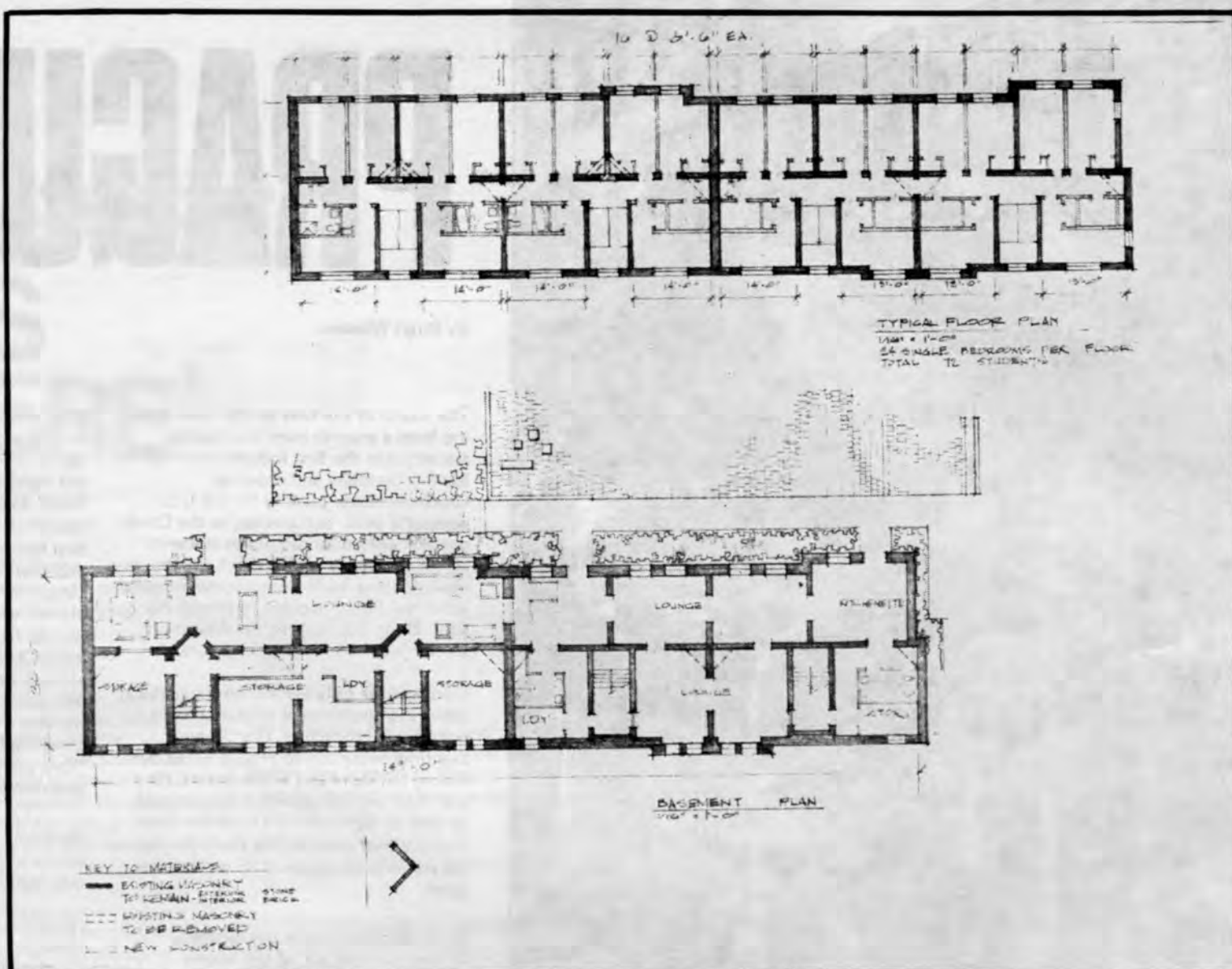
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STONE ROW RENOVATION PLANS

Come next summer, work will begin on the renovation of Stone Row. Under the new plans, there will be 24 singles on each floor, with a bathroom for every four rooms. President Kline explained that construction has been delayed due to the Nixon administration's change of application form used for funding of the project. He expects to have funding ready by next spring.

(Note: A free-swinging door goes from McVicker to Potter, and from South Hoffman to North Hoffman. This is to meet state requirements of two interior means of egress - but normally these doors will be closed to avoid a "long corridor" effect.)



Jack Kerouac

By Michael Ventura

KEROUAC IS DEAD

"You and I will be the two most important writers in America in 20 years . . ." wrote Jack Kerouac to Neal Cassady twenty years ago. Cassady had just written him a 13,000 word letter which (so the footnote says) was to be the beginning of his first novel. All that survives of that letter are the first few pages, reprinted in 1964 in a little magazine out of San Francisco (probably now defunct?) called *NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND*. In which also is Kerouac's reply. Cassady is the Dean Moriarty of *ON THE ROAD*.

Cassady. Kerouac. Ginsberg. Burroughs. Carl Solomon. Orlovsky. Corso. Ferlinghetti. Several others. (A group through which women—waitresses in diners, Mexican-Americans, girls from New York, Denver, Frisco—a group through which women passed like birds.) Search out the roots of the present hip culture and you come to these men. And what is perhaps more to the point: you come to their writings.

I imposed on Ginsberg in the cafeteria of the Museum of Modern Art. Stammering and nervous, I tried to tell him what it meant to some of us (aged 14 in 1959) to have those books at the moment we needed them. And God knows we needed

them. For some of us America meant suburbs and junior highs, for others of us it meant tenements and alley-fights—and the imposing America of legend behind it all, contradicting everything, giving us a dream, trapping us in a dream, and leaving each of us to fight our way through the dream alone. Then, through the warped channels of media or other unlikely chances, a few of us (in '59 aged 14, an impossible age, remembering Truman's administration dimly, growing up under the faceless Eisenhower), a few of us read *ON THE ROAD*, *HOWL*, *GASOLINE*, *THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY OF DEATH*, *THE CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND*. These books passed from one to another with telegraphic rapidity. This was an America we understood—its visions, its rhythms, its loneliness. And even more than that: hectic and sad as it was, this was an America we needed.

Now there are many more books, a bigger hip community (so big it's called a culture), more things shared, and music to match. Then there were just those books. What is now, began with those books.

"We were about all there was then," Ginsberg told me, and he was right.

Cassady died last year. *PLANET NEWS* is dedicated to him. Kerouac died last

week. In many ways the most forgotten of these men.

His achievements: A novelist who took on the job of expressing all he knew of one time and faction in America. *ON THE ROAD*, *THE DHARMA BUMS*, *THE SUBTERRANEANS*, *DOCTOR SAX*, *MAGGIE CASSIDY*, *BIG SUR*, *DESOLATION ANGELS*—he tried it from every angle he could think of. The books are uneven, full of brilliant passages and long mistakes. Except *ON THE ROAD*. Written in the early '50's, published in '57, taking place from '47 through '50. Where you will find, for instance, exactly the hip usage spoken today. Where you will find the animal nerve of a thing that has mellowed as it has grown larger and become safe, that thing in the word "hip." Which is a word like the clicking of a switch, like the syllable of a cricket, like the blinking of an eye.

Jack Kerouac. Novelist. Born of New England. Hawthorne's ground, Melville's ground. The Pequod metamorphosed into a car—bought, hitched, borrowed, rented, stolen. The mark of the outcast become a living speech.

Kerouac was 47. Cassady was 43.

From the last paragraph of *ON THE*

ROAD:

"So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa by now I know the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry . . . and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old . . ."

From the last paragraph of *DESOLATION ANGELS*:

" . . . and now we're famous writers more or less, but they wonder why I'm so sunk now, so unexcited as we sit among all our published books and poems . . . and so I told my Desolation Angels goodbye."

The first paragraph of Cassady's letter: "To have seen a specter isn't everything, and there are deathmasks piled, one atop the other, clear to heaven. Commoner still are the wan visages of those returning from the shadow of the valley. This means little to those who have not lifted the veil."



PRAGUE:

By Birgit Winslow

The sound of the tires on the road changing from a smooth hum to a bumpy stacatto was the first indication of our leaving Germany and entering Czechoslovakia. Luckily for me U.S. passports omit occupation, as the Czech government no longer allows students across the border. Both check points ran smoothly aside from a tense moment when my father decided to stretch his legs. Upon opening the car door every soldier flinched and 3 spun around.

Ours was the only vehicle on the highway other than occasional military trucks or pack-laden bicyclists. Our 3 hour, nighttime excursion to Prague led us over rolling farmland and black forests. Now and then twitching tractor lamps could be seen as night workers rode the fields. A chilly mist crept across the hills where gas stations were spaced 35 or 40 miles apart.

Upon entering Prague the mist was broken only by one of the widely-spaced street lamps. Shop windows were dimly lit with few products on display. Trolleys, crammed with people, stalled what traffic there was as they maneuvered slowly around corners. Cars in the city ranged anywhere from motorcycle-engined 3-wheelers, to square type 1929 models, to WW II amphibious autos and lastly the black governmental tatra-plane limosines.

The hotel was located on a corner of Wenzel Square, site of the demonstration during last August's Soviet invasion. Appologies were made for the condition of the street—it had recently been repaired from damage students did when they ripped up cobble stones to hurl at Soviet tanks.

The hotel lobby appeared rather barren as we passed for dinner. No orchestra played that Friday night because they did not work on weekends.

The following nights I found people to rap with: college students, working young people, hippies, teeny boppers, older people, and some who were out of work. The one private worker I ran into made his money by selling American dollars or German marks on the black market.

Most residents of Czechoslovakia spoke English only in college, if at all. I was rather fortunate in meeting an old nightclub disc-jockey who spoke fluent English. (In this situation, English was of no use anywhere.) He first showed everyone there that it was virtually impossible to obtain other LPs from West Germany. He had visited Sweden a year ago and bought records such as The Jethro Tull, Hair and Steppenwolf. His hallway rapping was quite original to listeners so when I mentioned the situation, he made a wide gesture checking the surroundings. "Everyone loves the Czech government!"

We found a place to talk. Hundreds of pig-mobiles which were city searching for "conspirators."

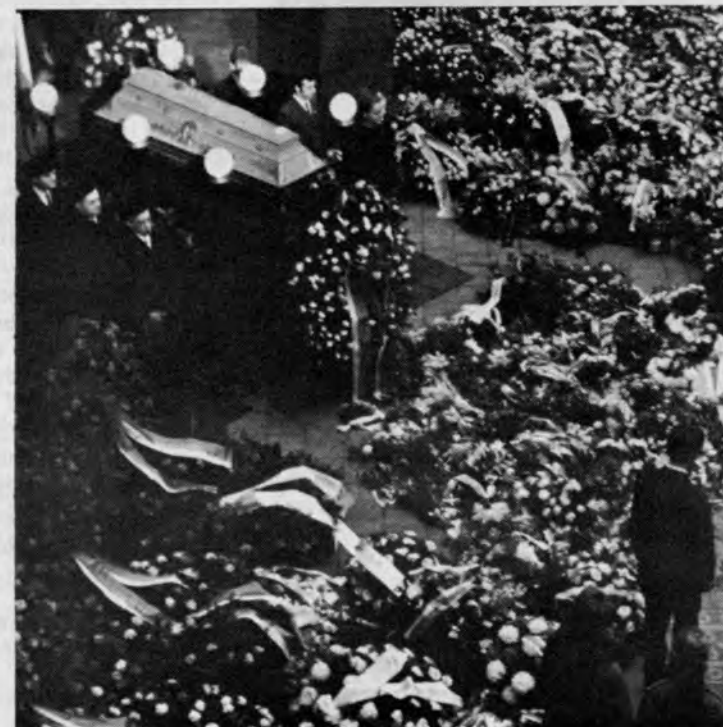
No one is quite sure what a Czech pig looks like, especially the communist pigs were as bad as the Soviet pigs. Explaining how they stop in the street, asking for their ID photos show short instant haircut. Apparently, no one was ousted any cat with long hair got hassled. In order to find a room through the University, or to be unmolested by the cops, you had to keep your hair short.

Dope is nonexistent in Czechoslovakia. It's either beer, vodka, or wine. A few days ago, it was possible for some groups to obtain grass, but there was not a chance of it anywhere else in the country. So the Czech hippies were dope hippies. Also there is a distinction between hippies and students. Students aren't into semi-hippies. They are either a short-haired student, a non-schooling, non-working person, or without dope. There are very few hippies in Czechoslovakia.

That same night my father had an incident between 2 soldiers. One with his chick. The boy's hair was wrapped in blood-stained bandages. His hair was medium in length and looked a little hip. The two were approached by soldiers who took their ID cards. Having shown their ID cards, the boy asked to see their authority.



Photos: Pavel Hudec-Ahasver. Taken during the August 21, 1968 Russian invasion, and at the funeral of Jan Pollack.



REMEMBER US HERE'

Both soldiers looked angry, pulled out their ID and commenced hasseling the boy. Voices were raised until each soldier grasped an arm and dragged him off. The girl was hysterical.

Another acquaintance I made was a young photographer who was at the Studentski Klub, a gathering place for the university students. He was one out of five of the University of Prague's first graduates in Photography. He was going to fly to New York and accept a job photographing; all had been settled and he was packed to go. That day a government law banning travel of all Czechs went into effect, shaking up a great many Czech people. Many who happened to be out of the country at the time asked asylum where ever they were. They would not return.

He told me that being poor didn't phase him; what he wanted was freedom to travel. He went on to say that he had once seen a car with a Connecticut plate and imagined its journey across the ocean, yet he as a human being could not even leave the country. At times he contemplated assassination, only realizing it to be no solution. "If this doesn't let up soon I'm going to get out no matter how I have to do it."

Later I mentioned topics such as birth control and Vietnam. "There are many

old people in Prague, a lot of younger people left while they could. No one wants to have children. As for Vietnam some believe the U.S. should be out, but frankly we have too many problems to worry about that."

My photographer friend gave me some pictures he had taken at great risk during the August 21 invasion, knowing I would have good possibilities of getting them out of the country.

These are the pictures that accompany this article.

As I walked back to the hotel people on the street either smiled at me (it was obvious from my clothes that I was not Czech) or hid their expressions. As I entered the lobby a young Czech man approached me with a letter asking would I mail it for him once I left the country, which I did. That day he was standing trial for taking pictures of Soviet troops. I guess my other friend was luckier.

My general idea of the Czech people's feelings was that of a boiling temperament. They tasted things under Dubcek's government and the unrest will continue. The photographer said to me before I left, "No matter where you go think of us here, in this country."



3 observer

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an alternative newsmedia project

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With: Birgit Winslow, Geoff Cahoon,
Mike Ventura, Luther Douglas
Jana Silverstein

Many good students leave Bard. Good students by 'anyone's' standards says the Dean's office. The reasons are always varied and a high percentage of personal problems figure greatly in these decisions. But there seems to be one common complaint. They're not turned on. Turned on at gut level, where people finally become what they are.

The Bard community, it seems, is very unwilling to take a look at itself. There is no (or at best, very little) attempt at self definition. The faculty has no clear idea of what they want Bard to be. The students have no agreement on priorities, or alternatives. The administration (some parts of it) are agreed on one thing. They want to operate in the black. Fine. But education might be about something bigger than that.

Some 'modern' educators say that the more personal freedom students have, the tighter the academic structure must be. Others say that responsible people are quite capable of running their own lives, in toto. Maybe the whole concept of college has been out lived. The answer might lie in more selective and controlled admissions.

But somehow, the feeling is that Bard never woke up. We're dreaming and the house is on fire.

To the Editor:

Last Wednesday a student-run course was meeting in Albee Social when the chairman of the Social Studies division walked in. Mr. Koblitz told us that we'd have to move, because a divisional meeting was scheduled for 4 o'clock in the same room. We explained to him that he was interrupting a full-credit course which had been meeting weekly this semester at that time and place. Mr.



Koblitz argued that classrooms are assigned by the Registrar, that the Division always met in Albee Social, and that rooms were available for our use in Aspinwall and Hegeman. We suggested the faculty go there. Then Mr. Koblitz left and Miss Randolph came in. She warned us that there was nothing to argue about—we had five minutes to get out.

The pettiness, infantilism, etc. was too much to believe. As the saying goes, you had to be there. After ten minutes of disrupting the class they refused to find another room.

So much for the entertainment. We finally got sick of the whole thing and moved our class to Hegeman. But after

the show there was much to think about. For one thing, I don't doubt that had a professor been standing in front of our class, the divisional meeting would have been held across the hall. Then, I wonder whether the flexibility Mr. Koblitz and Miss Randolph display in shaping the academic policy of their division matches their flexibility in choosing a meeting place. I also wonder whether these two faculty members ever thought of teaching in a high school. The paternalism

LETTERS

there might better suit their needs.

Bruce Warshavsky

To the Editor:

Recently there has been a lot of talk on campus concerning pets, and the latest word out from the administration is that they are not allowed. This view is far too narrow to satisfy the needs of the community and therefore I would like to propose a different solution of the problem of Pets.

I live in Ward Manor and as I was walking

continued page 7

STUDENT SENATE

Senate, Monday night, passed a resolution calling for an open meeting dealing with the housing problem here at Bard. To be held in Sottery at 7:00 pm, next Monday, the meeting is designed to cover all aspects of the housing situation, including the growing size of the student population, opened and closed dorms, the animal problem, and any other questions the students who attend can think up. This meeting is designed to be the first of a series of meetings dealing with problems at Bard and is expected to yield concrete resolutions to at least some of the problems.

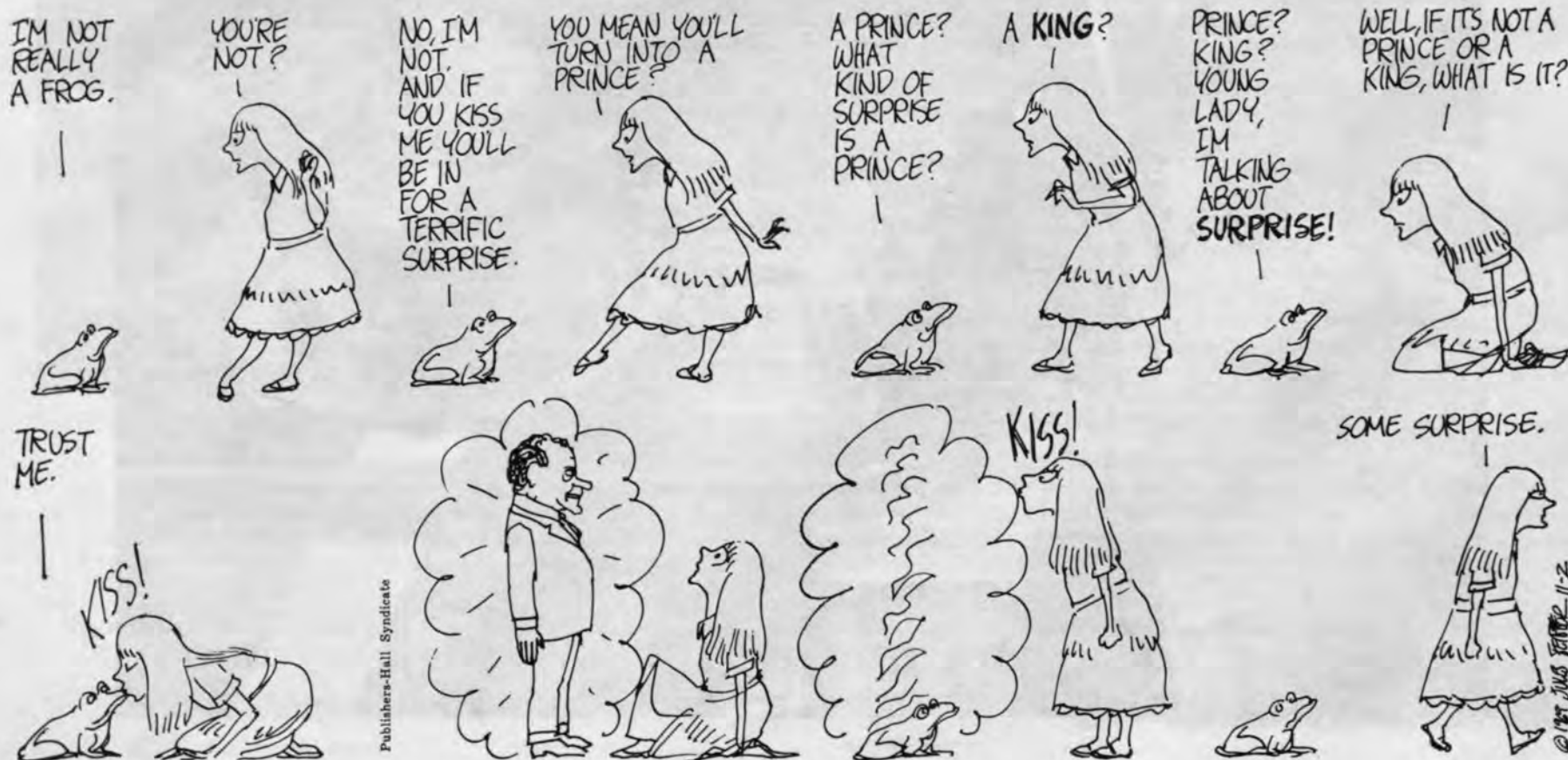
In other business, Liz Semel raised the point that a number of faculty and administration personnel were unhappy regarding the lack of student action in areas that the students had declared to be under control. She also noted that the Community Advisory Board had made notice of a breakdown of communication

between the new students and the rest of the student body.

Earlier in the meeting the Senate noted that complaints had been made to various members of the Senate regarding the lack of Senate action about proposals for change in Dining Commons, but that this lack of action was not the Senate's fault in that jurisdiction for those changes lay with the House Presidents Committee. However, Jeff Raphealson directed Larry Merrill, the Chairman of HPC, to hold a meeting of HPC as soon as possible to consider these proposals.

There was also a request for \$200 to be used for a Halloween party at Ward Manor which was not granted on the grounds that the Senate is, at this point, \$300 in debt.

FEFFER



CAT OF 9 TAILS

A COLUMN?

(John Katzenbach is in a hospital in New York having his knee operated on after sustaining a soccer injury and was unable to submit his column by press time. He will return next week.)

Friendly Skies

LOS ANGELES (LNS)—Thirty people gathered at the Los Angeles Airport recently to protest the firing of Deborah Renwick, a black stewardess for United Airlines. Miss Renwick, a United employee for six years, was dismissed because her natural hairdo did not conform to the company's racist "grooming" standards.

The picketers pointed out that by demanding that the black stewardess comply with white standards of beauty, United is maintaining a racist employment policy.

Also under attack was the United policy of advertising the women it employs as one of the 151 "friendly things" offered by United (along with slipper socks, pillows and bubble gum).

from page 6

to campus this morning I saw something that inspired a solution to this great problem. Half way between the guard house and the chapel I heard the rustling in the bushes and being in no great hurry to get on campus I decided to investigate and see what creature was walking through the woods at such an early hour.



Well, you can imagine my surprise as I neared the source of the noise and saw Buffy, squatting over a pile of leaves taking an early morning shit. Out of curiosity I drew nearer and when she was done I closely examined the results of her work. I don't know how many of you have ever closely examined Buffy's shit, but in all honesty it is not an attractive sight. I sat there for two hours gazing at this evil thing that had fallen on Bard's land, and then I realized that there was a solution for the animal controversy that is so horribly dividing

this great community.

We cannot expect B&G to build, on their limited budget toilets for all the dogs in the community. The dogs are not content with using the bathrooms already built. Therefore we can turn to the building of pay toilets reserved exclusively for the use of the campus animals. The owners of the animals will

LETTERS

be responsible for supplying their pets with the change for the toilets, ten cents for dog toilets, and five cents for cat toilets, because of a smaller size needed.

If this plan is put into effect immediately then the dogs will no longer be a nuisance to others, and within a short time the cost of the toilets will be payed off and the profits from the plan may go into a fund for the improvement of the school in what ever way is needed.

David H. Goodwin

SAY IT AGAIN

—"We're on a course that is going to end this war."—Pres. Richard Nixon, Sept. 26, 1969.

—"We've certainly turned the corner (in Vietnam)." — Sec. of Defense Melvin Laird, July 15, 1969.

—"... We have never been in a better relative position."—Gen. William Westmoreland, April 10, 1968.

—"... We are enlightened with our progress... we are generally pleased... we are very sure we are on the right track."—President Lyndon Johnson, July 13, 1967.

—"We have succeeded in attaining our objectives..."—General Westmoreland, July 13, 1967.

—"We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves," Pres. Johnson, October 21, 1969.

—"The United States still has hopes to withdraw its troops from South Vietnam by the end of 1965."—Sec. of Defense McNamara, Feb. 19, 1964.

—"Victory... is just months away..."

I can safely say the end of the war is in sight."—General Paul D. Harkins, Commander of Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, October 31, 1963.

—"The Communists now realize they can never conquer free Vietnam."—Gen. J.W. O'Daniel, military aide to Vietnam, January 8, 1961.

—"I fully expect (only) six more months of hard fighting."—General Navarre, French commander in chief, Jan. 2, 1954.

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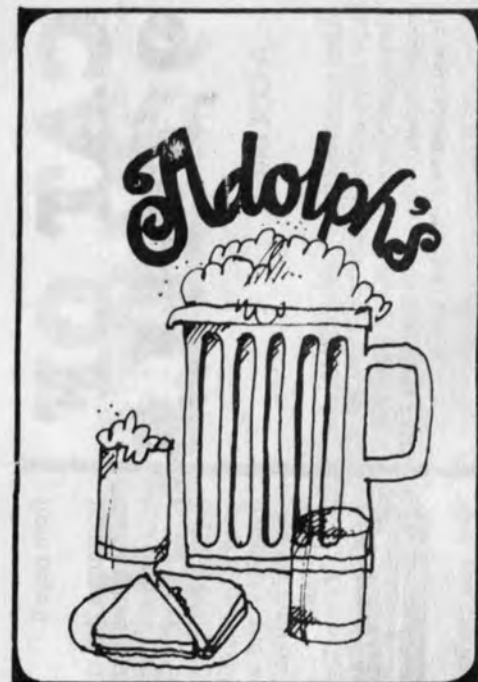
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—Lyndon B. Johnson

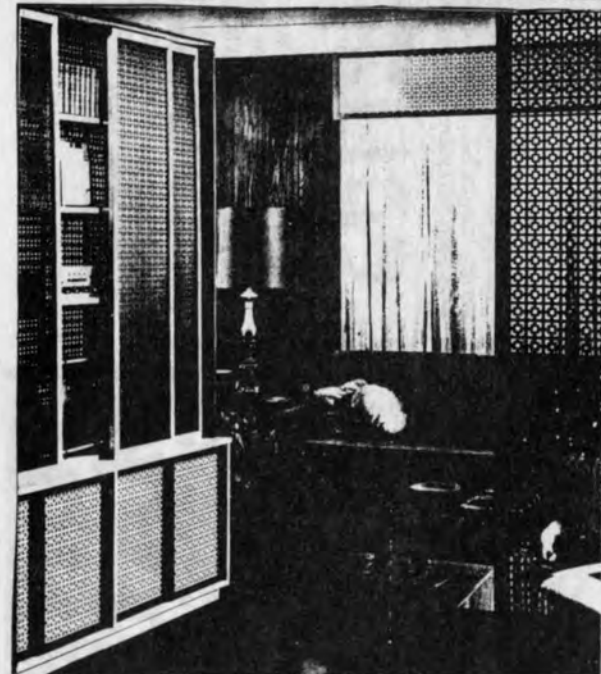


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